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TALK ACROSS THE TABLE.

II.

Present: HERWARD, STERNER, DERMAN, FORBACH
(a German musician). Scene: HERWARD'S Dining Room.

HERWARD. I see that Mr. Haweis has an article on Liszt in this month's *Longman*. It is "gush," I suppose.

STERNER. Judge for yourself. Here is a quotation: "There in the warm light of an Italian autumn, subdued by the dark red curtains that hung in his study, with an old-world silence around us, he sat at his piano once more, and as he played to me the clock of time went back and Chopin entered, and"—so on.

FORBACH. What does the gentleman mean by an "old-world silence?" The expression is new to me.

DERMAN. He means nothing in particular, I fancy. Perhaps he thus gratifies a natural craving for vague impressiveness.

STERNER. That is to say empty sound. The thing prevails both in literature and music.

FORBACH. Ah! that serves to remind me. As I am not an English scholar, excuse my asking you to explain what this writer means when he says, "There at Tivoli alone with him he conversed with me of the times long gone by."

HERWARD. Now Derman, answer. How, if Liszt was alone with "him," could he converse with "me."

STERNER. You forget the telephone.

DERMAN. Don't be hard upon men for the individualities that distinguish them. Mr. Haweis has a style of his own, and you two Englishmen know perfectly well what he intends to convey in this case.

STERNER. Yes, when we read a little later that he was "in the deep solitude of the great Cardinal's palace alone with Liszt."

DERMAN. Pooh! this is frivolous criticism, is it not, Forbach?

FORBACH. I have no opinion when you Anglo-Saxons discuss your very composite language. Perhaps we shall all agree that Liszt quite fascinated the reverend gentleman.

STERNER. Undoubtedly. Judged by his words, Mr. Haweis might be one of those impressionable American young ladies who contrive an interview with the famous *virtuoso* and then rhapsodise through a column of the *Scrubbyville Scourge*.

HERWARD (laughing). No wonder! Has it not been said that there are three sexes—women, parsons, and men?

FORBACH. What an acute distinction! Pray let us—

STERNER.—not follow it up now, but accept the fact that Mr. Haweis is emotional, and sees in Liszt an emotional hero.

DERMAN. Well, I grant that his style is a little hysterical.

HERWARD. Hence he favours hysteria in another form of expression.

FORBACH. Now we are entering disputed ground. Like your Mr. Parnell, I shall presently have to take off my coat.

STERNER. No, no! There is plenty of material for discussion in Mr. Haweis' article, without beginning to fight once more the battle of Wagnerism. Take, for instance, his implied theory of the emotions in reference to art, specially, of course, to the art of music. It is not difficult to gather that the writer, while he mentally distinguishes in this respect between liberty and license, confounds the two under the influence of temperament.

DERMAN. Music is, of course, peculiarly liable to the effects of such weakness—if that be the right term—and to such weakness all musicians are specially addicted.

STERNER. True, and there is the reason why it should receive attention. I was going on to say, when Derman interrupted me with a platitude, that Mr. Haweis speaks of certain composers as those who "Set the language of emotion free and gave to music its myriad wings and million voices."

HERWARD. That is a fine phrase, but why should those gentlemen have bestowed a myriad of wings and only a million voices?

STERNER. Frivolity, thy name is Hereward! Paganini it seems, was a minister of freedom and rich endowment. He was "the emancipated demon of the epoch, with power to wield the sceptre of sound and marshal in strange and frenzied legions the troubled spirits of the time."

FORBACH. He was a prodigious charlatan.

DERMAN. Does not Mr. Haweis add, with great force and picturesqueness that "he breathed electric air?"

HERWARD. An emancipated demon breathing electric air, and drilling strange and frenzied legions of troubled spirits! Happy suggestion for a sensational picture, as for a companion piece to Saint-Saëns's *Danse Macabre*.

STERNER. Will you fellows be serious for a few moments? Again, Mr. Haweis tells us that Liszt recognised in the functions of art guides into "that weird borderland of the emotions where voices come to it (the spirit) from the Unseen, and radiant flashes behind the Veil."



HEREWARD. In the name of—a thousand pardons, Sterner; I'm dumb.

STERNER. Mr. Haweis goes on to say that "Hector Berlioz emancipated the orchestra from all previous trammels, and dealt with sound at first hand as the elemental and expressional breath of the soul." He talks also about the "emancipation of modern music from those trammels which sought to confine its spirit or limit its freedom," and describes Liszt's Symphonic Poems as "magnificent renderings of the inner life of spontaneous emotion." Now, why have I quoted these remarks?

FORBACH. Perhaps to show, as you certainly have shown, that the reverend author is a modern man and belongs to his age.

DERMAN. Ah! there's the point, Sterner, and you must consider it before you go further. They say that human nature is unchangeable; so it may be *au fond*, but its surface manifestations decidedly vary. The typical individual of our day is not he of even a century ago.

FORBACH. That is so, and the art of the modern man would be a lie if it did not—as, indeed, in the nature of things it must—conform to him.

HEREWARD. Pray introduce this person. I fear I have not the honour of his acquaintance.

DERMAN. You may be more like him than you suspect.

FORBACH. He is anxious, restless, sensitive; he has left the firm earth on which his fathers contentedly trod, because to them it was firm, and like Noah's dove, is wandering in the vague seeking a foothold; having reasoned away his gods and found reason helpless to make others he is putting out the "feelers" of sensation in all directions and trying to satisfy his soul with thrills.

STERNER. I am surprised at such a portrait from you, Forbach.

FORBACH. And wherefore? I have but sketched the emancipated spirit, to whom in the final consummation will come—no, who in the final consummation will reach—a paradise of natural satisfaction.

HEREWARD. That means unbridled license.

STERNER. Now let me again quote Mr. Haweis—he is describing the phenomena of the Romantic movement half-a-century ago: "The human spirit was at length to be liberated; no one, it was held, need believe anything that did not happen to commend itself to his fancy or passion. As Heine put it: 'The great God was not at all the being in whom our grandmothers had trusted; he was, in fact, none other than you yourself.' No one need be bound by the morals of an effete civilisation. In Love the world of sentiment alone must decide our actions. Everyone must be true to nature. . . . The social contract, most free and variable, must be substituted for marriage, community of goods for hereditary possessions, philosophy for law, and romance for religion."

DERMAN. A very true description of the first impulses of the emancipated spirit.

HEREWARD. And also, I should say, of Forbach's paradise of thrills.

FORBACH. Sneer on, good host, but you cannot laugh a fact out of existence, though you may extinguish a fashion.

DERMAN. And this fact is so great a one that it meets the eye in all directions. You see it in many forms of literature and even in the journalism which discards reasoned leaders for well-spiced paragraphs; you see it on the stage in every form of sensationalism, from the pictorial to the psychological; you see it in painting, taking a score of eccentric shapes, and in poetry, where, I grant you, it often plays havoc with sense and sound. A phenomenon so general is not a fashion, it is the Within compelling the Without to its will.

STERNER. Am I to understand that Art must be subordinated to this aimless, undisciplined and restless craving for physical and emotional excitement.

FORBACH. No, not Art, but those forms of it which satisfied a more conventional and less sensitive age. The new conditions will make a new form, higher and nobler in the end, because the great movements of humanity are always onward.

HEREWARD. I am glad you said "in the end." At present, I suppose, we look upon the nebulous stage of this latter-day creation.

STERNER. However that may be, let us remember that the principles of Art are eternal and unchanging. They can neither be altered nor abrogated. The end of Art is to express a conception of the Beautiful, and an essential element of the Beautiful is order. What Mr. Haweis means by a "magnificent rendering of the inner life of spontaneous emotion," I do not pretend to know, but no rendering of spontaneous emotion can be Art. It can only be the nature which Art has to improve upon.

DERMAN. But music is so much the outcome of emotion, that I don't see where you are to draw the line and say all beyond this is inartistic, because too natural.

FORBACH. According to Mr. Haweis, so perfect and just a blending of the artistic and the natural is possible, that no question of a line arises. He says: "Through past form it (modern music) has at length learned to use, instead of being used by form. The modern orchestra has won the unity and spontaneity of an independent living organism. Like the body, it is a complex mechanism, but it is to the mind of the composer as the human body is to the soul. It has grown so perfect an instrument, and deals with so perfectly mastered an art, that a prelude like *Lohengrin*, or the opening of *Parsifal*, sounds like the actual expression of the inner moods of the spirit rendered outwardly with automatic unconscious fidelity. The rule, the technique, are lost, hidden, forgotten, because completely efficacious and subordinated to the free movements of the composer's spirit."

HEREWARD. So, for that matter, and to a far greater extent, are they in the finale of Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, or the opening movement of

Beethoven's "C minor"—where really we have form swallowed up of spirit.

STERNER. I did not interrupt your quotation, Forbach, because it illustrated the tendency of your school to "perish in mechanics." The noblest ideas and feelings possible to music can be expressed without the "complex mechanism" of which you speak. Believe me, the true subject of our contention lies quite apart from executive means. Shall we have "spontaneous emotion" thrown on paper just as it gushes out of the soul, or shall it be taken in hand, drilled, disciplined, and put in line with the achievements of other arts? There is the question in a nutshell, and it really means shall music be an Art at all. You of the gushing persuasion claim Beethoven as a progenitor. He would disown you could he come to earth again, for, while sounding every note in the gamut of human feeling, he never rebelled against the reign of law. His last symphony is even a more positive homage to artistic order than his first, since it better shows how mighty a genius was content to wear what you would call the yoke.

HEREWARD. There is this to be said also: In the very nature of things, the nebulae of which you boast will draw together their atoms and take shape, which will be to you as law. You are simply putting old Chaos in a position to ordain statutes—exchanging King Log for King Stork.

STERNER. And, mark me, there can be no such thing as your boasted freedom of the individual spirit in its relations to the general. Within those relations it is constrained, and attempts at independence only aggravate repression. The first French republic had its Robespierre, and ended in Napoleon's whiff of grape-shot.

HEREWARD. Now let us join the ladies.

Exeunt omnes.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

REMINISCENCES OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS ABROAD.

XII.—BERLIN.

LOOKING back to a course of assiduous opera-going and concert-attending in Berlin, extending over eight consecutive years, were I called upon to record, with meat-lozenge condensity, the characteristics of Berlines musical entertainments which have left the strongest impressions upon my memory, I should do so thus:—1. Instrumental excellence; 2. Vocal mediocrity; 3. Overpowering heat; 4. Triumphs of anti-ventilation, architectural and administrative; 5. The conceivable maximum of public susceptibility to draughts. Terseness, I know, is lacking to my definitions of the last two impressions; I confess my inability to propound them in fewer words. The temperature prevailing within the Hofoper and chief concert-rooms of the German capital during performances, was little short of maddeningly high in my time—the sort of heat in which a person of lively imagination might be justified in expecting thermometers to explode like

well-warmed soda water bottles, scattering quicksilver spray around them in every direction. As for the respiratory arrangements at that time obtaining in buildings dedicated to the service of musical art, they may be not unfairly described as constituting the practical negation of every ventilation theory that has ever yet sprung from the human brain. Whether the sensitiveness of the Berlin musical public to draughts generated this state of things or was its offspring I shall probably never know. This problem, like that of the Greek sophist concerning the precedence of hen or egg, is "one of those things no fellow can understand;" and as its solution would probably not augment the aggregate felicity of THE LUTE'S readers to any considerable extent, I will crave their permission to forbear its further consideration in this place. For the fact that, during my sojourn in Berlin, any irruption of fresh air into the auditorium of the Hofoper or Sing-Akademie during a performance was invariably regarded by the audience for the time being with feelings of undisguised consternation and resentment, I am ready to pledge my solemn assurance. Many and frequently ludicrous have been my personal experiences of this peculiarity in the Berlin musical public. The following true story may serve to illustrate that public's attitude towards ventilation, as it had been steadfastly maintained (so, at least, say the Hofoper traditions) from the days of Frederick the Great down to the period of which I am writing. Moreover, I am assured that it is unchanged at the present moment.

Some eight or nine years ago, a series of unusually bitter onslaughts, succeeding one another at brief intervals throughout a whole winter season, was made upon the "Intendantur"—an impersonality comprising in itself the management and administration of a theatre—of the Hofoper by the political, artistic and comic press of Berlin. Herr von Huelsen was arraigned upon all sorts of charges—innumerable sins, of omission as well as of commission, were ascribed to him—he was solemnly caricatured and grimly ridiculed, in verse and prose, with that cold and cutting ill-nature which is the typical Prussian humourist's notion of fun. The Royal Court Theatre Director was reproached for engaging inferior artists, for reviving obscure works that nobody wanted to hear, for failing to produce novelties of indisputable merit, for perpetrating anachronisms in the setting and mounting of pieces, and, finally, for stewing the public quite insufferably in the theatre submitted to his rule, "all for want," as the *National Zeitung* was wont to reiterate about once a week, "of a little, simple, elementary ventilation, such as the merest tyro in architecture or ordinary mechanics could apply to the Hofoper within a few hours and at a nominal expense." Upon this lack of ventilation—which, by the way, was not at all peculiar to the Hofoper—Berlin journalism, heavy and light alike, was down with remarkable force and pertinacity. The auditorium of the Opera-House was portrayed as a Roman caldarium, its stalls occupied by nude perspirers and its stage by emaciated ballet-dancers, worn to mere

shadows by a tropical temperature. Counterfeit presentments of Herr von Huelsen in the characters of a stoker, of a gardener in the act of "forcing" rows of flowers arranged to represent a theatrical audience, of a "hermetical sealer" (this was a very subtle specimen of pictorial satire, calling for elaborate explanation in the way of foot-notes) and of several other more or less ludicrous personages, abounded in the weekly "Witzblaetter," causing that gentleman to writhe and his friends to beam with smiles.

The much exercised Intendant-General, having fumed and fretted under journalistic castigation for several successive weeks, made up his mind quite suddenly one morning that, with the venerable Emperor's permission, of obtaining which to any innovation involving real increment of public comfort in a Royal establishment he felt tolerably certain, he would at least quash for ever one of the special Press indictments brought against him, to wit, that he was an inveterate stewer and suffocator of his fellow-subjects within the precincts of the huge theatre on the Opernplatz. "Stifling no longer makes them happy, it seems—they would rather have their pores shut than open—they have developed a sudden objection to carburetted hydrogen, and exhibit strange yearnings for oxygen and ozone." Thoughts like these, I have reason to believe, fluttered through the great man's brain as he sat brooding in his "three-pair front" Behrenstrasse 2, on the forenoon in question, and prompted him to sally forth, cross the street to the private entrance of the Palace, and ask for a special audience of the Hofoper's exalted proprietor. What passed during his interview with that truly great and good man I am precluded from disclosing, partly by the dictates of discretion, and partly by the fact that I know nothing whatever about it. The concrete result, however, of the Kaiser's privy confabulation with his Intendant-General was that the latter incontinently sent for one of the Court Architects, and that a few days later, mysterious scaffoldings began to crop up here and there on the exterior surface of the Opera-House, much to the perplexity of the Berlineses "knowing ones," who—well-assured that the Royal Theatre was in perfect repair, within and without—cudgelled their brains in vain to divine what could possibly be the object of the operations in course of execution upon the outer shell of that building. As far as the local press and the general public were concerned, the secret was well kept; but a friendly chamberlain divulged it to me one evening at an august tea-party in a burst of confidence which, I am happy to believe, was not altogether undeserved, inasmuch as I have kept his counsel upon the matter rigorously from that day to this.

Herr von Huelsen had obtained the Royal permission to ventilate the auditorium of the Hofoper, and to expend the important sum of six thousand thalers (£900) in so doing, the money to be supplied from the *Königliche Schatzulle*, or Privy Purse. Neither His Majesty nor the Intendant-General, as I was informed, looked forward over hopefully to the

effect of scientific ventilation upon the *habitus* of the Opera-House; but the latter, for personal reasons, was eager, and the former benevolently willing, to try the experiment, which accordingly was carried out in the *ad libitum*, but thorough-going manner for which skilled German artisans are so justly renowned. Weeks elapsed, and by degrees the mysterious scaffoldings disappeared one after another, until at last the Hofoper's roof and sides re-assumed their normal aspect. Happening to call at the Intendantur one afternoon about that time, I took occasion to enquire how the new ventilating apparatus was getting on. "Attend the performance of *Lohengrin* (*Hohe-Preise*) next Tuesday evening, *geschätzter Herr Redakteur*," was the reply, "and you will witness the *diffusion* of our never-sufficiently-to-be-admired hygienic innovation. The public as yet knows nothing of what we have done in the interest of its health and comfort. We shall take the audience quite by surprise; pleasantly, we hope. Of one thing, at least, we are sure by anticipation—namely, that we shall leave no doubt upon the mind of anyone present as to the practical efficacy of the arrangements now completed for the sufficient airing of His Majesty's Opera-House. Enough for to-day, worthiest sir! I have no more to communicate." This hint—more, perhaps, in the manner of its delivery than in its mere matter—seemed to me fraught with promise of entertainment. On the following Tuesday, accordingly, I was in my accustomed stall at seven precisely, just in time to see my friend Carl Eckert take his place at the conductor's desk and look over his acolytes with a circular and severely inquiring glance before executing the smart double rap that never failed to concentrate their attention upon the tip of his ebony bâton.

It was, I well remember, an exceptionally cold, raw evening of that early so-called "spring" which, in Berlin as well as in London, is almost invariably so much more killing a time of year than the deepest depth of winter proper. As was, and I believe still is, always the case on a Wagner night, the house was crowded throughout; fashion in the side-boxes and dress-circle; science and dilettantism in the stalls, abundantly provided with spectacles and full-scores; various grades of the musical *bourgeoisie* in the three tiers of upper boxes, and a host of appreciative proletarians in the cheap and capacious gallery. By the time the overture had come to an end every place available to the general public was occupied, and the temperature had risen to its customary tropical degree of elevation. "If this," I found myself thinking, "be the result of the new ventilation system, the Emperor, save for the honour of the thing, might just as well have saved his money." Had the audience been exclusively composed of orchids they could not have been more congenially accommodated in the way of atmosphere. Henry the Fowler, however, had scarcely taken his seat under the shade of the Justice-Tree, the public having meanwhile settled down to enjoy and perspire in compliance with hallowed Hofoper traditions—when suddenly piercing jets of iced air invaded

the house from every direction simultaneously. The effect in the stalls was that of a lively breeze; persons located higher up in the house described their experiences to me subsequently as varying between a moderate gale and a circular wind-storm of no inconsiderable violence. Looking round me at my immediate neighbours, I observed that amazement sat upon their brows. Obviously, they failed to realise by what uncanny enchantment their favourite musical sudarium had thus malignantly been transformed into a Cavern of the Winds. Presently surprise was succeeded by indignation. Scores of men rose in their places, shouting "Es zieht! es zieht!"—which may be freely rendered in our vernacular by "What a draught!"—turning up their coat collars and putting on their hats. Still the ventilating apparatus continued to function with undiminished efficiency, the audience waxing angrier and angrier every second, and utterly heedless of the performance steadily going on upon the stage, until symptoms of a theatrical riot began to make themselves unmistakably manifest, and the more nervously disposed of the spectators quitted the house in considerable numbers. From his snug stage-box on the ground tier the Intendant-General had calmly watched the rising of the tempest from the time at which, in obedience to his command, ventilation had been let loose upon the Emperor's lieges in all its horrors. When he deemed that the "psychological moment" had arrived, he leaned back in his velvet *fauteuil* and spoke some word of power to a subordinate. In less than a minute the breezes subsided as suddenly as they had arisen. The fiat of Æolus had gone forth; Notus, Eurus, Auster and Zephyr ceased to inflate their cheeks, and a dead calm settled down upon the interior of the Opera-House, so lately resembling the "vexed Bermoothes" in more than one essential respect. "It is all over!" ejaculated somebody in authority; "it will not occur again; the highly-honoured public is exhorted to resume its seats!" This the highly-honoured public did with laudable promptitude; and a quarter-of-an-hour later things were again as though ventilation were but a vague theory—a scientific dream—instead of a terrible reality, teeming, like Pandora's box, with all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Thus swiftly and conclusively (as far as I know), terminated the enterprising Intendant-General's experiments in the direction of keeping the Berlin Opera House cool during performances, and supplying its frequenters with atmospheric refreshment. The costly apparatus with which he had endeavoured to effect that purpose may still exist, just as it was set up at the period above referred to, and even be available for use at a moment's notice; but I do not believe that the experience of which I was an amused witness during the first act of *Lohengrin*, "when this old hat was new," has ever been renewed; nor is it likely—unless the Hygienic Exhibition should have suggested an entirely "new departure" in this particular respect to the sons of the Fatherland—that theatrical ventilation will very readily become a German national institution.

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

THE FRENCH REVIVAL OF ITALIAN OPERA.

THE revival of Italian opera at Paris, when the music of Italy had not been heard in the French capital for the last three years, awakened speculations as to what the future of this agreeable and still fashionable form of entertainment is to be. Its fall and final disappearance have in many quarters been confidently predicted for some years past; and it would be impossible to say in reply that it is now as flourishing as ever. If it does "flourish," its efflorescence is at least not witnessed by Europe. Italian opera, which deserted France three years ago, and is not what it used to be in St. Petersburg, is about to be shorn of at least a portion of its glories even in London, its permanent home for nearly two centuries past. Instead of the two Italian opera-houses of former days we are next season to have but one opera-house, which will be devoted to the representation, partly of Italian, partly of German works. Last season, as it is reported on good authority, business was so bad at the Royal Italian opera that Mr. Gye was unable to pay M^{me}. Adelina Patti more than £400 a night, while other artists, such as M^{me}. Albani and M^{me}. Lucca, were not remunerated at more than half that rate. Republicanism in France, serf emancipation and Nihilism in Russia, may serve to explain the collapse at Paris and the decadence at St. Petersburg of an entertainment which in a large measure depended for its support on the subscriptions of the aristocracy. Our readers are already aware that the presence of the Russian Emperor at the opera-house is generally regarded as likely to lead to the throwing of shells into the Imperial box; and though the attendance of M. Grévy at the newly opened Italian opera-house of Paris would expose the audience to no similar danger the more aristocratic portion of French society has of late years absented itself from the capital: professedly from dread of revolution, more probably, it may be hoped, from simple motives of economy. The decline in England of Italian opera, or rather of Italian, French, and German opera sung more or less in Italian by vocalists of all nations may be accounted for in more than one way: partly by the absence of new Italian operas of merit, partly by the want of singers capable of giving new effect to the principal parts in the old operas which still linger on the stage, partly also to the gradual revival of a taste for theatrical entertainments—which it need scarcely be said have never been more popular than during the last ten or twelve years. Italian opera has in any case been both driven and attracted to the other side of the Atlantic; and, as a social phenomenon, the revival of Italian opera in Paris counts for very little as against the successful performances that are now being given at New York by two Italian companies.

It is a pity that M. Maurel could find no better work with which to begin his interesting enterprise than a vamped-up one by Signor Verdi. Verdi,

Gounod, and Wagner are undoubtedly the three great composers of these latter days. But *Simone Boccanegra* is a work of Signor Verdi's youth; and in his early days this composer was not strong. Very little of *Simone Boccanegra* found its way from the Italian stage to foreign concert rooms, and the work as a whole was never reproduced in countries where *Nabuco*, *Ernani*, and other operas of Verdi's "hot youth" were received with attention if not applause. Two years ago, instead of composing a new work, Verdi took *Simone Boccanegra* once more in hand, and by cutting down one act, binding two others together, and adding some original scenes, endeavoured to turn a bad opera into a good one. He had previously attempted the same thing with the impracticable *Forza del Destino*, and with no satisfactory result. In the *Forza del Destino* there were many very melodious pieces of music which did not deserve to perish, and probably *Simone Boccanegra* is in many parts too good to be consigned to perdition as a whole. But in the present day when operas are published as soon as they are represented on the stage a composer must be prepared to see his work succeed or fail in its entirety. In Rossini's time, if an opera met on its first night's production with a heavy fall, the composer literally picked up the pieces and inserted the best of them in some other work. Verdi, in the case of *La Forza del Destino* and of *Simone Boccanegra*, followed a very different process. Instead of using the best portions of these two virtual failures for building up and decorating other works, he sought to strengthen and beautify them in their original form.

The sneers directed against M. Maurel, on the ground of the two principal singers who appeared at the new Théâtre des Italiens in *Simone Boccanegra* having been, in the case of Mlle. Devriès, a native of Holland, and, in his own, a native of France, are not worth serious attention. Mlle. Devriès is a very charming singer, and M. Maurel sings Italian music in a style which many a vocalist of Italian parentage might well envy. Albani, Nilsson, Titiens in our own time, Sontag, Malibran and Jenny Lind in former days, were none of them Italian by origin. If with two Italian opera companies of the first rank at New York, and a third of like character at St. Petersburg, M. Maurel can still find Italian singers capable of doing full justice to Italian or Italianized music he need not trouble himself about their nationality. But if he gets over this difficulty he will have another formidable one to deal with—that of finding new Italian operas. Musical dramas of some kind are brought out at the Italian theatres in large numbers, and from time to time a specimen of modern operatic art, in the form of *Don Bucefalo* or *La Gioconda*, reaches this favoured land. But the great majority of contemporary Italian operas do not live nearly so long as "live the roses," and, twelve months after their production, have disappeared with "the snows of yesteryear." Perhaps there are musical amateurs in Paris who would like to hear the *Lucia* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, or *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*, but these can scarcely exist in sufficient numbers to make M. Maurel's speculation a

profitable one. All things considered, the outlook of Italian opera in Paris is not re-assuring.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

SIGNOR MARIO died in Rome on the 11th inst., and then and there passed away the last representative of great traditions, the last survivor of an illustrious school. "He was a man; take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again." Peace to his soul, and honour to his memory.

AMONGST the interesting "revivals" in course of preparation at the Vienna Opera House, under the direction of Kapellmeister Fuchs—to whose enterprise and perseverance the Kaiserstadt owes an admirable reproduction of Gluck's comic opera, *The Cadi*—is Cimarosa's masterpiece of musical humour, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, which the accomplished conductor has just re-arranged for his orchestra—a very different executive machine from that for which Cimarosa wrote his famous overture and accompaniments—and is now rehearsing with a powerful cast. Apropos of this coming "event," an eminent German musical critic appositely observes that, in view of the dismal unproductiveness characterising the present time with respect to comic opera, the services to musical society at large of a musico-theatrical Dr. Schliemann would be invaluable to the former, and highly remunerative to the latter. A rich field of buried compositions invites explanation, not only in Germany, where countless treasures of comic opera by such forgotten composers as Wenzel Mueller and Dittersdorf, await disinterment, but in Italy, and more particularly in France. Dozens of French comic operas are become obsolete which, from fifty to sixty years ago, enjoyed no less popularity in Germany than in their native country, and were only driven from the stage by a flood of attractive works from the pens of Adam, Auber, Hérold, and Halévy. Several of the operas in question are eminently worthy of resuscitation, and, in the opinion of our German colleague, could not fail to achieve great popularity, if judiciously furnished up with respect to their orchestration and dialogue. He accords special mention to Pergolese's fascinating *La Serva Padrona*, to Paisiello's *La Molinara* and *L'Idolo Cinese*, and to Sarti's *Fra Due Litiganti*. Grétry's *Richard Cœur de Lion* and Raoul Barbe-bleue, he remarks, would certainly suit the Wagnerian taste, as they are emancipate from the thralldom of cut-and-dry melody, and favourably illustrate their composer's capacity for "continuous, descriptive, and narrative tunelessness." The following are some of the desirable French "revivals":—Isouard's *Joconde*, *Le Billet de Loterie*, and *Les Rendezvous Bourgeois*; Méhul's *Une Folie*, *Le Trésor supposé*, and *Les Deux Aveugles de Tolède*; Monsigny's *Le Déserteur*, *Rose et Colas*, and *Félix, ou l'Enfant Trouvé*; Hérold's *Le Duel*, and Solié's *Le Secret*, an opera which found favour with the Berlin public as recently as 1854. It may be observed that Isouard's *Les Rendezvous Bourgeois* was produced at the St. James's Theatre on May 14, 1849, and that an English version of his *Joconde*, by Mr. Santley, has also been brought under public notice in London on the Lyceum boards (October 25, 1876). Almost all the works above alluded to teem with bright and taking melodies, and are provided with gay and spirited libretti—a circumstance which materially adds to their chances of success with a public something weary of far-fetched puns and broad buffooneries. There is a mine of amusement and profit in the comic operas of sixty years ago.

A FEW nights ago, with due ceremonial of "Tusch," or orchestral flourish, and illumination *a giorno* of the auditorium, the four hundredth performance of Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, took place at the Berlin National Theatre, in the presence of the German Emperor, his Court and a brilliant gathering of Prussian nobles, musicians and *litterati*. Eighty-nine years and some months had elapsed since the date of the Magic Flute's first performance in the Prussian capital (May 12, 1794); so that the number of representations of this pre-eminently "Volksooper," has, after all, only averaged about five per annum in the Prussian capital. Indeed, it was not played at all in Berlin until two years and a-half after its composer's death; whereas it had been given one hundred times in Vienna within fourteen months of its original production there, which took place on September 30, 1791. Berlin's tardiness in bringing out the *Zauberflöte* must be exclusively attributed to the conservatism and prejudices of Professor Engel, the then artistic director of the Royal Theatres; for Frederick William II. ("Old Fritz's Fat Nephew") twice expressed a wish—which ought to have been equivalent to a command—that the opera in question should be put on the stage; and on both occasions Engel calmly disregarded his Royal master's desire. Subsequently, with a perverseness unusual even in professional musicians, Professor Engel brought out the opera at a time when the King was absent from his capital, having taken the field with the Prussian army. It is pleasant to know that Engel's career as Artistic Director of the Court Theatres came to an abrupt close exactly six weeks after this feat. Under the *régime* of his successor, Ifland, the *Zauberflöte* celebrated its first Jubilee (October 2, 1802); under that of Count Brühl its second (December 30, 1825); whilst its third and fourth Jubilee performances have both come off during the exceptionally long managership of Botho von Huelssen. Strange to say—considering the popularity achieved by this beautiful opera (in Beethoven's opinion Mozart's greatest work) in England during the reigns of George IV. and William IV., not to speak of the Victorian epoch—the *Zauberflöte* was not introduced to the London public for twenty years after Wolfgang Amadeus's body had been consigned to the pauper's common grave in the cemetery of St. Marx. It was played for the first time in this country at the King's Theatre on June 6, 1811, for the benefit of Signor Naldi.

ALTHOUGH a solo on the mandoline is a somewhat tinkly performance, suggestive of a toy-shop rather than of a concert-room, novel and striking effects are produced by from thirty to forty mandolines and lutes, played in concert by skilled executants under the direction of so able a conductor as Professor Walter-Graziani. A fair imitation of the *sostenuto* required in *cantabile* passages is obtained by the rapid alternation of the plectrum stroke upon the twin strings, and the capabilities of the Margherita orchestra in the way of producing every imaginable nuance of *crescendo* and *diminuendo* are quite extraordinary, according to our informant. There is, moreover, no lack of power in the sounds emitted by the arch-lutes and bass-guitars, to which the fundamental parts are entrusted, whilst the higher notes of the treble mandolines are characterised by a quaint and piercing, but by no means unpleasant shrillness. In obedience to the still prevalent turn of Italian musical taste, the bulk of the Circolo Margherita's *répertoire* consists of operatic selections, to which, in all probability, a large class of the London public would listen with keen relish, as a

refreshing alternative to the classical symphonies, serenades, and "Musikalische Einleitungen" with which it has been surfeited throughout several past seasons. An inveterate fondness for intelligible tunes is as deeply rooted in the English as in the Italian nature, and even at this time of day the large majority of British music-lovers may be counted upon to derive more pleasure from a clever and deftly-rendered arrangement of Gounod's *Faust* or Meyerbeer's *Africaine* than from the ablest conceivable performance of Wagner's *Vorspiel* to *Tristan and Isolde*, Brahms's *Tragische Ouverture* or Liszt's *Hunnenschlacht*. This being so, it is by no means unlikely that, should the Tuscan *Mandolinisti* visit London they will take the town by storm, and prove one of the "great attractions" of the coming concert-season.

POEMS FROM MUSIC.—III.

EVENING-QUIET.

(MENDELSSOHN'S *Lieder ohne Worte*, Bk. ii., No. 1.)

IN the holy Vale of Sleep
If one enter, he shall keep
Morn and noon and night and day
In an eventide alway.
Easy is the vale to find.
You must leave the world behind,
And the passions born therein;
Fear and hate and hope are sin.
Here no thought is but delight,
For your pleasure all unite;
Grass is green for you, the flowers
Breathe you scents of Eden bowers,
You the birds rejoice, the trees
Charm and hold for you the breeze,
That, lamenting, he may weep
So sweetly that his voice shall keep
Soul and body lost in sleep.
Sweet and slow, O sweet and slow,
With a subtle soothing flow,
Weaving slumber-spells around
With the magic of its sound,
Till the brain is drawn along
By the monotone of song,
Steeped in sleep and borne afar
Whither other valleys are
In worlds unvisited of day,
The little river slides away;
And leaning o'er it you shall see
The confines of Eternity.
Hither cometh nothing sad;
All the sorrows that we had
In the outer-world, are not;
All the good and evil wrought
By our living falls away,—
As the night is, so the day.
Here in eventidal rest
All is good and all is best.
Let no thought of care intrude
On the silent solitude;
Sad the morrow may be? Nay,
Let to-day be called to-day.
In the happy Vale of Sleep
Enter, and thy soul shall keep
Morn and noon and night and day
In an eventide alway.

ARTHUR W. SYMONS.

Sacred Harmonic Society. SIX CONCERTS

FOR THE ENSUING SEASON will be given at

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ON THE FOLLOWING EVENINGS:

SECOND CONCERT,

DECEMBER 19th, 1883,

HANDEL'S ORATORIO OF

THE "MESSIAH."

Focalists:

Miss ANNA WILLIAMS, Madame ENRIQUEZ,
Mr. HARPER KEARTON, Mr. FRED. KING.

February 1st, 1884.—Schubert's MASS in E flat, an Instrumental
Symphony, and Mendelssohn's "WALPURGIS NACHT."

February 22nd.—Bach's CHRISTMAS ORATORIO.

March 14th.—Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH."

April 4th.—Gounod's "REDEMPTION."

And on Friday Evening, the 9th May, A CONVERSAZIONE will

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David," Handel's "Resurrection," Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night,"
Mendelssohn's "Athalie," Mendelssohn's "Elijah." E. H. Thorne's
setting of the 57th Psalm, Wilfred Bendall's Cantata "Parizadeh,"
Cellier's "Gray's Elegy," and Selections.

The following artists have been engaged:—Mesdames Anna
Williams, Mary Davies, Annie Marriott, Jessie Griffin, S. Ambler,
Hilda Coward, Mary Beare and Robertson; Mesdames Enriquez,
Hilda Wilson, Marian MacKenzie, F. Robertson, Alexandra
Ehrenberg and Madame Patey; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Joseph Maas,
Vernon Rigby, Edward Levett, T. Cassidy and Edward Lloyd;
Messrs. Frederick King, Ludwig, J. Bridson, Chaplain Henry and
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Letters connected with the literary department of this
Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice
unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which
he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office not later than the
7th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month
current.

*** The Index to the present Volume will be supplied
with our next issue.

H. B. (Halifax).—Eberlin, not Ebeling, of whom we
know little more than that he composed music to Gerard's
Sacred Songs (*Geistliche Andachten in 120 Liedern, mit
4 Singstimmen, 2 violinen und den Generalbassen. Berlin,
1666, folio*). Eberlin, the author of the fugues you name,
died in 1776. He was Court organist to the Archbishop
of Salzburg.

A LOVER OF ITALIAN OPERA.—Do not despair. Things
have come to the worst, both in New York and London.
Now they must mend, or there is no truth in proverbial
philosophy.

ONE ASTONISHED.—Certainly not. The opera, which
is for children, will only be played on special and suitable
occasions.



THE LUTE.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

WITH this number the first volume of THE LUTE
ends, and the fact invites from us a few words ad-
dressed to those who, by their steady support,
have encouraged strong hopes of continued existence
and prosperity. We have ample reason to be
satisfied with the patronage bestowed upon our
modest journal; as well as with the proof it affords
that we were right in anticipating readers for a
lighter order of musical literature than, as a rule,
our contemporaries supply. To those contemporaries
we leave the learning and the gravity of which they
possess such an ample store. At the same time we
do not undervalue our own share of the common
toil. In the present condition of art amongst us,
and at a time when some measure of attention to it
is a social obligation, it becomes of importance to
write for the many who, being neither students nor
connoisseurs, need to have their interest drawn out
towards music rather than an appetite for it fed

"LUTE." N^o 12. DECEMBER 15th 1883.

Also published separately, Price 3^d

"HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?"

Christmas Carol

(FOR USE IN CHURCH)

FOR VOICES WITH ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT.

Music by

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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PATEY & WILLIS, 44, G^o MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

Allegretto non troppo vivace.

Swell.

ORGAN.

TENOR (*qua lower.*)

BASS.

Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces Sweet - ly sounding thro' the

Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces Sweet - ly sounding thro' the

TREBLE.

cres.

ALTO.

Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces Heav'n - ly

Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces Heav'n - ly

skies! Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces Heav'n - ly

skies! Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces Heav'n - ly

Gt. *cres.*

hal - le - lu - jahs rise. . . . Hal - - - le.
hal - le - lu - jahs rise. . . . Hal - - - le.
hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Hark! what mean those ho - ly
hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Hark! what mean those ho - ly
lu - - - jah Hal - le - lu - - - jah. . . .
lu - - - jah Hal - le - lu - - - jah. . . .
voi - ces, Sweet - ly sound - ing through the skies! . . .
voi - ces, Sweet - ly sound - ing through the skies! . . .
Lis - ten to the won - d'rous sto - ry Which they chant in
Lis - ten to the won - d'rous sto - ry Which they chant in
Lis - ten to the won - d'rous sto - ry Which they chant in
Lis - ten to the won - d'rous sto - ry Which they chant in

hymns of joy. "Glo - ry in the high - est glo - ry!

hymns of joy. "Glo - ry in the high - est glo - ry!

hymns of joy. "Glo - ry in the high - est glo - ry!

hymns of joy. "Glo - ry in the high - est glo - ry!

Glo - ry be to God most high". . . . Glo - ry

Glo - ry be to God most high". . . . Glo - ry

Glo - ry be to God most high". . . . Glo - ry

Glo - ry be to God most high". . . . Glo - ry

in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most

in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most

in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most

in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most

high! glo - - - ry! glo - ry

high! glo - - - ry! glo - ry

high! glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est glo -

high! glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est glo -

Sv. *Gt.*

be to God most high! Peace on earth, good-will from

be to God most high! Peace on earth, good-will from

- - - - - ry! Peace on earth, good-will from

- - - - - ry! Peace on earth, good-will from

p

hea - ven, Reaching far. . . as man is found:

hea - ven, Reaching far. . . as man is found:

hea - ven, Reaching far. . . as man is found:

hea - ven, Reaching far. . . as man is found:

p

cres.
Souls re - deem'd and sins for - gi - ven. . . . Lord our

cres.
Souls re - deem'd and sins for - gi - ven. . . . Lord our

cres.
Souls re - deem'd and sins for - gi - ven. . . . Lord our

cres.
Souls re - deem'd and sins for - gi - ven. . . . Lord our

cres.
gold - en harps shall sound. Hal - - - le

gold - en harps shall sound. Hal - - - le

gold - en harps shall sound. Souls re - deem'd and sins for -

gold - en harps shall sound. Souls re - deem'd and sins for -

Sw.
- lu - - jah! . . . Hal - le - lu - - - jah! . . .

- lu - - jah! . . . Hal - le - lu - - - jah! . . .

- gi - ven, Lord our gold - en harps shall sound. . . .

- gi - ven, Lord our gold - en harps shall sound. . . .

REV. 927.

Christ is born, the great a - noint - ed, Heav'n and earth His

Christ is born, the great a - noint - ed, Heav'n and earth His

Christ is born, the great a - noint - ed, Heav'n and earth His

Christ is born, the great a - noint - ed, Heav'n and earth His

prais - es sing! O re - ceive whom God ap - point - ed,

prais - es sing! O re - ceive whom God ap - point - ed,

prais - es sing! O re - ceive whom God ap - point - ed,

prais - es sing! O re - ceive whom God ap - point - ed,

For your Pro - phet Priest, and King! . . O re -

For your Pro - phet Priest, and King! . . O re -

For your Pro - phet Priest, and King! . . O re -

For your Pro - phet Priest, and King! . . O re -

re-ceive whom God ap - point - ed For your Pro - phet, Priest and

re-ceive whom God ap - point - ed For your Pro - phet, Priest and

re-ceive whom God ap - point - ed For your Pro - phet, Priest and

re-ceive whom God ap - point - ed For your Pro - phet, Priest and

King! glo - - - - - ry, glo - ry

King! glo - - - - - ry, glo - ry

King! glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est, glo -

King! glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est, glo -

be to God most high, *ff* 0 re - ceive whom

be to God most high, *ff* 0 re - ceive whom

- - - - - ry, *ff* 0 re - ceive whom

- - - - - ry, *ff* 0 re - ceive whom

God ap - - - point - - - ed, For your Pro - - -

God ap - - - point - - - ed, For your Pro - - -

God ap - - - point - - - ed, For your Pro - phet

God ap - - - point - - - ed, For your Pro - - -

-phet Priest, and King. Hal - le.

-phet Priest, and King. Hal - le.

For your Pro - phet, Priest, and King. Hal - le.

-phet Priest, and King. Hal - le.

-lu - - - jah, Hal - le - lu - - - jah!

-lu - - - jah, Hal - le - lu - - - jah!

-lu - - - jah, Hal - le - lu - - - jah!

-lu - - - jah, Hal - le - lu - - - jah!

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with solid food. To supply this need is our task—a humble one, perhaps; a useful one certainly. THE LUTE, therefore, will continue in the track hitherto followed, sparing no effort to do well the work which so considerable a section of the musical public has approved. We ask the confidence of our readers with regard to the future, and we invite the favour of their influence according to the measure in which they consider that the past has deserved it. As we write, Christmas approaches and hard on its footsteps comes the New Year. Let us close this volume as with a strain of music by hoping that our readers may find the one all mirth, the other all prosperity.

THE Executive Committee of the Leeds Festival presented their report to the General Committee on the 29th ult., and therefrom we gather certain features of interest. In the first place, the receipts were £10,287, the outgoings £7,687; profit, £2,600. Of the income, £5,764 10s. came from the sale of serial tickets at five guineas each; the greatest amount derived from single tickets at any one concert was taken on Saturday morning (Beethoven's Mass and the *Lobgesang*); the next greatest on Wednesday morning (*Elijah*); the cheap price concert on Saturday evening following next in order. Although the books of words were expensive, a profit of over £100 was made in this department, while the outlay connected with the new works amounted to only £146 12s. 6d. It is worthy of note that while the conductor, principal singers and organists cost £1,628 17s. 3d., the expense of the band was £2,049 1s., and of the chorus £1,434 7s. This is a better proportion than we sometimes have to note. Some difference of opinion arose among the Committee as to the division of the surplus, and we are glad to find a growing conviction that all festival profits should be used for the good of music. In proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Spark, the hon. secretary, Mr. Marshall used words that we can heartily endorse. He said:—"In fact, for all purposes, Mr. Spark was the Festival. He was the centre of the system, and they were all planets revolving at a certain distance around him, and they derived their light and strength from him. What he desired specially to remark upon was the fact that Mr. Spark had been so invariably courteous in the discharge of his duties. Many men who felt that they had the reins of power in their hands were apt to push themselves too much to the front, but Mr. Spark had always put himself in the background and never considered his own convenience or interest. He had exercised the great powers and commanding position intrusted to him with most unselfish consideration for the wants and wishes of others, and with a single eye to the success of the Festival. Mr. Spark had indeed been a most benevolent despot."

THE stewards of the Three Choir Festival, to be held at Worcester on September 7—10 next, have agreed upon the sketch programme presented to them at a recent meeting by the cathedral organist, Mr. Done. It is intended to follow the sensible precedent of the last Festival, and begin the general rehearsals on the Saturday, resuming them on the Monday. The public proceedings will commence on Sunday with a Special Service in the Cathedral, band and chorus assisting. On Tuesday morning we note a departure from precedent, Gounod's

Redemption taking the place of *Elijah*, which is set down for Wednesday evening. We regard this as a shrewd stroke of business, likely to prove remunerative. There will be a miscellaneous concert on Tuesday evening, with Beethoven's *Egmont* overture and Mendelssohn's *Italian* symphony in the programme. Wednesday morning is devoted to Cherubini's Mass in D minor, Bach's *Pentecost* cantata, Spohr's *Christian's Prayer*, Mozart's so-called mottet, "Glory, honour, praise," and Schubert's *Song of Miriam*, a veritable "feast of fat things." *Elijah* takes Wednesday evening, as already stated; and on Thursday morning Dvorak's beautiful *Stabat Mater* and Part I. of *St. Paul* will divide the time and the honours. In the scheme of Thursday evening's concert are Beethoven's Symphony in D, and a new cantata, *Hero and Leander*, by Mr. C. H. Lloyd. The *Messiah* occupies its usual place on Friday morning, and the Festival will close on Friday evening with a grand musical service. We rejoice to add that more than 200 gentlemen have taken office as stewards, and that the oldest of our English Festivals is as well established in Worcester as ever it was.

If anyone wants to see how Italian Opera enterprises are discredited and that form of the art degraded, let him look across to New York, where Mr. Mapleson and Mr. Abbey are fighting "to the bitter end." Italian Opera is used in the Empire City as a battle-field for the rivalries of millionaires; around it hangs an unhealthy atmosphere of intrigue; it is conducted mainly with reference to the attractions of certain overpaid ladies, and the public look upon it as a fountain of scandal and small-talk, or as a pretext for the vulgar and ostentatious display of dresses and diamonds. Art comes in nowhere as a consideration, it is only a means to personal and pecuniary ends. The same curse, more or less, attends Italian Opera in all places; hence there is small wonder that we witness its decadence. Will no one in England come to the rescue and show that Italian Opera, or opera in Italian, can live if it has fair play—if the abominable "star" element be drawn out and cast aside, if a good *ensemble* be provided, and the performances given under strictly artistic conditions? We have never yet seen Italian Opera thus presented. It has been but a temple of frivolous architecture intended for the worship of spoiled women singers.

MR. HUBERT PARRY has the courage of his opinions, and is brave even to rashness. He belongs to the most modern of musical schools, and probably would, if he could, take up the mission of Wagner, and plunge into the infinite *melos*, where that master, during his last years, floundered to so little good. Mr. Parry has lately essayed to carry the principles of his creed into chamber music, and has written a quartet as unmelodious, unsymmetrical, confusing, and laboured as, in the premises, might have been expected. Strange to say, Mr. Arthur Chappell was induced to try the effect of this work upon his orthodox Popular audience, a majority of whom, however, seem to have mistrusted the fare provided for them, and accordingly stayed away. In all our experience of these concerts we have never seen the hall so nearly empty as it was on the Monday in question. For one reason we do not regret the fact. Those vacant seats were a timely reproof to a class of musicians amongst us who faithfully copy Wagner in their veiled or open insolence towards all who are not fortunate enough to agree with them. They go about with the air of

superior persons, and approach a dissident individual much as a Mahomedan saint would draw near some "dog of a Christian." Of course this hurts nobody, but for their own good an authoritative rebuke is sometimes desirable. Mr. Parry is a clever man, and should come out of the rut in which he is running—the more because he has none of the objectionable personal traits just indicated. Incoherence, however elaborate, is not art, neither can ugliness be made attractive by high-sounding argument.

As we write it seems quite uncertain whether the proposed union of Italian and German opera at Covent Garden will be carried out. The original understanding between the Italian Opera Company and Herr Neumann was, we believe, that the German impresarios should take part of the risk, and say by the first of the month now current whether he could provide the artists agreed upon. It is stated that as late as November 26, Herr Neumann expressed his ability to carry out the engagement; but that, a few days afterwards, he found himself in a difficulty with the artists. It would appear, also, that he desired to throw the entire risk upon the Company. Subsequent events may have set matters straight, but nothing can remove an impression that Herr Neumann found reason for doubt as to the success of the enterprise. We ourselves think that on the whole it would be better to keep Italian and German Opera in separate houses—assuming, of course, that German Opera means Wagner's works. The two things have very little in common, and their presence under the same roof would lead to all manner of troubles. Besides there is no reason why Italian opera should need to eke out a living by taking a Teutonic lodger. Let the Company discern the signs of the times, abandon the hope of providing an aristocratic entertainment for an aristocracy who do not care about it, lower their prices, engage a good all-round company, without Patti at £400 a night; and appeal to the general body of music lovers. This done, we believe the best results would follow; but to do this the directors must break the bonds of tradition—bonds more formidable than those with which the Philistines tied Samson.

THE Royal Family of England is coming well to the front in musical matters. We all know that the Heir Apparent presides over the Royal College of Music; that the Princess Christian performs on the pianoforte at charity concerts; and that the Dukes of Edinburgh and Albany have each published a waltz. We now learn from an American paper that the first-named Duke, besides playing the fiddle, has set music to an opera-book by Bret Harte, on the subject of the Glencoe massacre. "It will be brought out in London next May." May we be there to see it obtain greater success than, some time ago, did the royal composer's *Serene Uncle's* master-piece. But why is a Mr. John B. Jeffrey, of Chicago, spoken of as the man by whom arrangements have been made for the Duke's operatic debut.

EVERYBODY who knows Mr. Frederic Clay, either personally or by repute, will join in our regret that he is now on a bed of sickness, having been struck down by the terrible and sudden hand of apoplexy. Mr. Clay is a popular man in the best sense of the word. His graceful talent commands admiration from all, while his genial manners and good heart have secured for him troops of friends. He appears to have brought on his severe affliction by too hard

work at the Alhambra piece, the *Golden Ring*, in which drama there is nothing more dramatic than the collapse of the composer while yet applause was ringing in his ears. We earnestly hope soon to announce that Mr. Clay is out of danger.

On the 6th of December, 1882, the Alhambra was burnt down, and in three days less than a twelvemonth it was re-built and opened to the public. A first impression of the new theatre does not give one the idea that, so far at least as the design and colouring of the auditorium are concerned, any improvement has been made on the original. It is as though the directors had given general directions to the painters to order in an unlimited supply of blue, red, and gold, to be used wherever and whenever occasion permitted. The ceiling is again a dome, but instead of the Moorish arabesques, its ornaments consist of a number of tawdry stars upon a cerulean background. The theatre is comfortably furnished, well lit, and apparently well ventilated, while its crowning glory is to be found in the fact that throughout it is fireproof, iron and concrete being the materials used wherever strength and solidity are requisite, and wood only entering into its composition in a minimised degree. There are fire-proof corridors and stairways enough to form a maze, and the architects fancy that they have constructed a perfect theatre. So mote it be. But we may point out one circumstance regarding not merely the new Alhambra, but the majority of our modern places of entertainment. They are nothing if not labyrinthine, solid, heavy, and ugly. In the desire to avoid all chance of combustibility, the builders have made mazes of masonry and bewilderments of bricks. Take an average playgoer, blindfold him, conduct him into the stalls of any new theatre, and unbandage his eyes, and the chances are that he will probably find himself at the expiration of an hour or two, wandering up and down a sort of Thames Tunnel. Look what the desire for fire-proofing made of the Alexandra Palace, substituting for a thing of "sweetness and light," a hideous cross between a penitentiary and a parochial wash-house.

THE entertainment provided for the opening of the new theatre inspires a hopeful view of the directors' artistic susceptibilities. In selecting a couple of Englishmen, Messrs. George R. Sims and Frederic Clay, to provide a new spectacular opera, they paid a compliment to native art. Whether they believed that English authors could do anything as well as their alien brethren it does not matter to inquire; but at all events they gave a couple of clever gentlemen a chance to distinguish themselves. No pains have been spared in providing for the *Golden Ring* as gorgeous a mounting as befits the illustration of a *féerie*, and even on the old Alhambra stage nothing more truly splendid than the ballets and processions in the new piece has ever been seen. The libretto is a disappointment. The story is involved and uninteresting; the dialogue hardly ever sparkles, humour being restricted to a few more or less laboured puns; and the action is both cumbersome and unduly prolonged. Like all fairy stories, it deals with the contention of good and evil, showing how the hero and heroine are befriended by the good fairy, and how the evil man of the play is championed by the bad one. A mysterious ring passes from hand to hand, and is generally supposed to do something or other; but what that something is we should be sorry to have to affirm on oath. Naturally the Prince and Princess

pass through many dangers, and it is not until the wicked Prince has, by mistake, married a large edition of Judy's ghost, and has been taken down to the place where Don Giovanni goes at the end of the opera, that a prospect of a happy termination presents itself. Mr. Sims would do well to cut three-quarters of an hour out of the action, even if some of the lyrics had to be sacrificed.

MR. FREDERICK CLAY has approached his portion of the task in a conscientious and serious spirit. There is no opera-bouffe flavouring in his music, which is generally of a dainty, delicate nature, save where the dramatic situation demands more robust and muscular treatment. Specially good are the concerted numbers, a dramatic scene towards the end of the last act being instinct with graphic power, and a delicious unaccompanied chorus of fisher-folk displaying the technical ability which the composer possesses in vocal part-writing. A graceful flow of melody pervades the solo pieces, which include a couple of vocal valsees certain to attain general popularity, as well as some songs which belong to the "Drawing-room" order, but of their class are excellent examples. The pastoral scene in the first act finds the musician ready to adapt his method and style to the situation. In the chorus, "There's a time for work and a time for play," Mr. Clay has quite caught the bucolic flavour of the old English ditties—a wholesome relief to the namby-pamby sentimentalism of latter-day song. Thoroughly English is the hornpipe which occurs at the close of the first act. Probably, Mr. Sims intentionally burlesques the tournament scene in *Lohengrin*, and it is more than likely that Mr. Clay's allusions to Wagner's work are not merely fortuitous. In the ballet music Mr. Clay displays an agreeable command of diversified rhythms; and in the grand processional scene he has attempted an *ensemble* of more than wonted magnitude, the orchestra being reinforced by a full military band upon the stage, as well as by half-a-dozen heralds, who play the long straight Egyptian trumpets introduced with so much effect by Verdi, in his opera of *Aida*. On the whole, we are inclined to rate Mr. Clay's work much higher than that of Mr. Sims, and to give the composer credit for the most able music which has fallen from his pen. There is sufficient evidence in the *Golden Ring* to prove that Mr. Clay has the capacity for serious opera.

SURELY it is unwise of the Crystal Palace directors to let Mr. Manns go away to Glasgow for two or three months, and leave the Crystal Palace Concerts to take care of themselves. This would be bad enough were extra pressure put upon the conductor to make him give extraordinarily good programmes prior to his departure, and subsequent to his return. Nothing of the kind, however, is done. The season, up to the present, has been the dullest on record; and the performances given in Mr. Manns's absence must inevitably suffer from damaging comparisons with their precursors, inasmuch as many members of the orchestra take flight northwards with their conductor. The only noteworthy features in recent concerts have been the repetition of Berlioz's *Grande Messe des Morts*, a great advance in point of execution upon the first production of the work in May last; and the débuts of Herr A. Fischer, a German violoncellist, and of Miss Gertrude Griswold, a young American soprano who has carried off the chief prizes for singing at the Paris Conservatoire, and who, after singing for a time at the Grand Opera,

has come to England to swell the list of our concert-artists. Miss Griswold will prove a welcome recruit.

At the performance of Gounod's *Redemption*, given at the second Concert of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society's season, an innovation upon precedent was made by concealing the celestial choir somewhere in the interior of the organ. This may savour a little of clap-trap; but it is quite a legitimate device, that is, if we judge by results. The veiled quality of tone obtained was decidedly effective, and altogether there seems to be a warranty for the proceeding. Purist considerations do not impinge so heavily upon a work like the *Redemption*, as upon one written in a severer style. The singing of the Albert Hall Choir on this occasion was worthy the highest praise—in respect of steadiness, richness of tone, and delicacy of tonal gradation nothing was wanting. It was only a pity that their task included but little music calculated to show their capacity at its fullest.

"BEETHOVEN in Love" would appear to be a novel view of the mightiest of musical geniuses, whose biographers have hitherto either asserted or inferred that he never was dominated by the tender passion—whilst, be it parenthetically remarked, those of Mozart more than hint that Wolfgang Amadeus passed his whole life in a chronic condition of amorosness. Amongst some recently-published "Beethoven Sketches" by Ferdinand Ries, however, will be found abundant proof that the master was by no means exempt from the blind god's tyranny. Ries, indeed—and he was Beethoven's favourite pupil—says of him "He was hardly ever out of love; when in, most deeply so; a veritable Don Juan *en miniature*." His first "flame," it appears, was one Fraeulein Jeannette von Hourath, a young Cologne lady whom he met at the house of his most intimate friends, the Breunings. She was a handsome "massive" blonde, well bred and educated, a good musician, and gifted with a pleasing voice. Beethoven made hot love to her, but found a rival—preferred to himself—in Charles Greth, then an Austrian recruiting captain, on duty in Cologne, whom the fair Jeannette subsequently married, and who died a field-marshal and governor of Temesvar. Beethoven's heart soon, however, was occupied by a fresh tenant, who returned his affection, but—married somebody else. In Vienna the too-susceptible composer was always entangled in some *affaire de cœur*, and every now and then effected conquests attempted in vain by younger and more attractive men than himself. "When, whilst walking about the streets together," says Ries, "we happened to pass a pretty girl, he would invariably turn round to look after her." Beethoven's most durable passion, according to his own confession, only lasted seven months, but was absorbing throughout that period. At one time Ries was lodging in the house of a tailor, blessed with three extraordinarily good-looking daughters. It struck him that Beethoven's visits to him became surprisingly frequent; some slight investigation disclosed the diverting circumstance that these visits served the Master as a pretext for flirting with the sisters three, of whom he wrote to Ries subsequently as "the fairest of the fair," cautioning his pupil "not to invest too largely in the tailoring business." Later on he was seriously in love with a "dear enchanting creature;" but she was not socially his equal, and he could not make up his mind to marry her, as he avowed in a curiously frank letter to his friend Wegeler, dated November 16, 1802.

FROM THE PROVINCES.

CARDIFF.—The Royal Cambrian Academy of Arts is to be established in Cardiff, but the permanent site of the institution—which will probably be located in Charles Street—has not yet been definitely acquired. A movement is now on foot for raising funds, and at a recent meeting of the local committee who are promoting the scheme, it was resolved to open a loan exhibition at the Cardiff Public Hall next spring. Music will receive full representation.

EXETER.—The third of the People's Concerts was a disappointment, owing to the introduction of too much of the amateur element. It had somewhat of a redeeming feature, however, in the appearance of Miss A. Arnold, whose splendid harp-playing gave unqualified delight. Miss Wollaston, the other professional, sang with much grace and expression, and some local musicians made creditable efforts.

Mr. D. J. Wood, Cathedral organist, is continuing his excellent Saturday night organ recitals at the Victoria Hall, and it is pleasing to note that the public are warmly supporting him in his laudable effort to elevate the popular taste. Mr. Farley Sinkins (basso), Mr. Ferris Tozer (Tenor), Mrs. Alice Kenshole (an excellent local contralto), Miss Grace Godolphin (a lady of Exeter by birth, but whose frequent appearance in the Metropolis during the season has made her widely and favourably known), and Mr. F. Dison are the principal vocalists who, up to the present, have appeared at these recitals.

Dr. Spark, the well-known Leeds Borough Organist, has given two organ recitals here. At the Morning Concert Dr. Spark played the first two movements in Handel's Concerto in G minor, with a cadenza written by himself; two movements from the new Fantasia which Dr. Spark has composed and dedicated to Dr. E. J. Hopkins; and other selections of minor importance.

In the evening, Dr. Spark lectured on Music and Musicians, ancient and modern. The Mayor and Sheriff of the City both attended, wearing their chains of office, and the citizens took unusual interest in these meetings, because of the fact that Dr. Spark is a native of Exeter.

Mr. Barré Bayley's First Annual Classical Chamber Concert, held in the Royal Public Rooms, on the 23rd ult., was a distinct success. Miss Edith Santley, daughter of the eminent baritone, was the vocalist of the evening.

GLASGOW.—Since our last, the Carl Rosa Opera Company have fulfilled a very successful twelve nights' engagement at the Royalty Theatre. The novelties were, of course, *Colomba* and *Esmeralda*, both works securing highly favourable attention, the last-named more particularly. It was performed, indeed, three times, and on each occasion to an overflowing audience. Mr. Mackenzie's work was heard twice. *Carmen*, with Madame Marie Rose, in her able personation of the heroine, had three evenings assigned it, and the other operas included the *Marriage of Figaro*, *Mignon*, the *Bohemian Girl*, and *Trovatore*. Recent local concerts have comprised pianoforte recitals by Signor A. De Gabriele, and Madame Ritter-Bondy, two artists who have cast in their lot with Glasgow musical folks. The Neapolitan "professor, composer, and orchestral conductor," is a dashing executant. The lady artist just named is recognised, and worthily so, as an accomplished performer, and on the occasion of her first public appeal, she again showed her versatility in

a programme ranging from Bach to composers of our own day. Herr Feodor Blume's Concert on 20th ult. was attended by a somewhat limited audience.

The musical season proper was inaugurated on Tuesday evening, 4th inst., by the Glasgow Choral Union, a forecast of whose arrangements was given in last month's LUTE. There was a large audience drawn to St. Andrew's Hall on that occasion, yet the efforts to arouse interest and sympathy hardly met with an encouraging response. The attitude of the Tuesday evenings audiences has never been remarkable for cordiality; it is rather in the direction of cold and stately solemnity, a position which is, possibly, deemed to be thoroughly correct. It is more agreeable to refer to the excellence of the initial Concert itself. For a first night, Mr. August Manns and his interesting phalanx of eighty instrumentalists secured a really wonderful success in the overtures to Cherubini's *Anacreon*, Berlioz's *King Lear* (heard for the first time here), and Mr. F. H. Cowen's dainty suite, *In the Olden Time*, another novelty, the second number of which appeared to attract most attention. There was also an admirable performance of Mendelssohn's familiar *Italian* symphony, the programme otherwise including the introduction to the third act of *The Meistersinger*, and the ballet airs from *Delibes' Coppelia*. The vocal solos were contributed by Miss Griswold, who sang a recitative and aria from *Mireille*, a romance from *Le Pré Aux Cleres*, and Clay's "She wandered down the mountain side." At the first Saturday Popular Concert, which took place on the 8th inst., the audience was, as usual, large and eminently enthusiastic. The musicians turn out in hearty support of this section of the Choral Union scheme. So they well may, for the programmes are not, as a rule, less interesting than those devised for the fashionable folks on the Tuesday nights. On the occasion under notice, a thoroughly popular bill of fare had been provided, and excellent performances of Beethoven's symphony No. 4 in B flat, Haydn's largo in F sharp for strings (transferred from one of the quartets), and the *William Tell* prelude have to be recorded. The latter was, indeed, re-demanded. Other items included, Berlioz's Op. 1, that is to say, his *Waverley* overture, a number which did not make an impression; a selection from Handel's *Water Music*, and the "Ballet Divertissement" from Saint-Saëns' *Henry VIII.* The curious anachronisms in the music imported into the last-named did not escape observation. Mr. Joseph Maas sang "Walther's Prize-Song" with his familiar artistic success, but the audience were in a mood to signally appreciate "Let me like a soldier fall," and it goes without saying that the vigorous declamation of the *Maritana* air drew forth an irresistible encore.

On the evening of Thursday, 6th inst., Haydn's *Seasons* was performed by the Paisley Choral Union. The local society has before now been heard to better advantage, still, all things considered, and there were several adverse circumstances to be kept in view, the chorus sang in several numbers with credit to themselves, and to their energetic conductor, Mr. John A. Brown. The soloists were Madame Rose Hersee, Mr. Henry Guy, and Mr. W. H. Brereton, and the accompaniments were played by forty of the members of the Glasgow Choral Union orchestra led by M. Victor Buziau. The audience was not a large one.

HALIFAX.—Mr. Herbert F. Sharpe, gave a highly successful Concert in this town on the evening of Tuesday, the 27th November, assisted by MM. Carrodus and Howell, Miss Farnol (soprano), and Miss Bertha Turrell

(violin). Hermann Goetz's Trio in G minor Op. 1, and Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor Op. 66, together with the "Kreutzer" Sonata of Beethoven, were performed. Miss Bertha Turrell joined Mr. Carrodus in the Duet Concertante No. 4 (Dancel), for two violins.

Mr. Carrodus's solos included the "Reverie" Vieuxtemps, and "Moto Perpetuo," and his own "Scotch Melodies." Mr. Howell contributed a "Melodie" by Molique and "Harlequin" (Popper), with what success it is needless to state; whilst Mr. Herbert F. Sharpe's solos included his own "Deux Caprices Brillantes" and "Seguidilla," Chopin's Ballade Op. 47, and the Faust Valse, Gounod—Liszt. Mr. George Sharpe conducted. The Hall was crammed to overflowing, many being refused admission.

Mr. Herbert F. Sharpe gave a Pianoforte Recital the following day, Wednesday, 28th November. This programme consisting of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; Sonata Op. 57, Beethoven; Impromptu Op. 36, and Scherzo Op. 20, Chopin, and the same composer's Fantasia in F minor; Weber's "Moto Perpetuo," and pieces by Schumann, Rubinstein, Henselt, and Mendelssohn; also his own "Evening" and Caprice in F. Miss Bertha Turrell joined him in two duets for two pianos—"Hommage à Handel," Moscheles and "Danse Maccabre," Saint-Saëns.

LIVERPOOL.—At the Philharmonic Society's third Concert the principal orchestral item consisted of excerpts from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, which, although not a novelty, was yet of such interest as to justify its performance. Mr. Edward Lloyd, who was the vocalist, sang with his usual good taste and precision, "When the Orb of Day," from *Euryanthe*, Wagner's *Priest Lied*, and Gounod's "Lend me Your Aid." At the fourth Concert of the series on the 20th ult., Madame Norman-Néruda gave Spohr's Concerto No. 9 in D minor, and later in the programme played with Mr. Hallé in a Mozart Andante, with variations for violin and piano. The orchestra was heard to much advantage in Gade's *Hamlet* overture. Miss Thudichum was the vocalist, and on both occasions Mr. Hallé conducted with his usual ability.

The chorus has not as yet been heard to any great advantage, but this can hardly be expected until some steps are taken to relieve Mr. Branscombe, who, so far, has filled the double duty of chorus master and accompanist, a task obviously beyond even his well-known skill.

The Hallé Concerts of the 13th and 27th ult., have had many attractive items. At the first concert Madame Elly Warnots sang several brilliant numbers with much success, and Mr. Hallé gave two pianoforte solos with his usual finish; and on the last-named date the orchestral part of the programme consisted of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony, and the Air de Ballet, "Bacchante," from Saint-Saëns' *Samson and Delila*. In accordance with the promise made at the commencement of the season, Mr. Hallé is presenting Beethoven's Symphonies in their chronological order, No. 4 in B flat being announced for the fourth concert on December 11th.

Mr. Karl Meyder's series of Promenade Concerts at the Bijou Opera-House are scarcely as well attended as could be wished, but as yet Liverpool is scarcely educated up to a daily performance pitch.

Although at present without a permanent home, it is satisfactory to know that the one local organization which has the welfare of church music at heart, the Banner Choir, is not allowing itself to rust out. On the 5th inst., the choir, which consists of 25 members, gave a first

performance of Spohr's *Last Judgment* with excellent effect, under the direction of its capable leader Mr. S. Claude Ridley. This example is to be imitated by the choir of the pro-Cathedral, who will perform the same work sometime during the month.

MANCHESTER.—The principal features in Mr. Hallé's Concerts during the month have been Haydn's *Seasons*, Goldmark's *Rustic Wedding* Symphony, and, on Thursday, the 6th inst., *Moses in Egypt*. Why this fine work has not been before performed at these Concerts it would be difficult to say; but from the immense audience present on the 6th, and from the evident pleasure the oratorio, or sacred drama, as Mr. Hallé calls it, seemed to give, we should think it would soon be repeated. The cast of principals was strong, including Madame Albani, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli. Rossini possessed the art of writing tuneful music, which many composers of the present day seem to lack.

Miss Florence St. John has been attracting large audiences at the Princes Theatre with *Lurette* and *Barbe Bleue*. If we except Miss St. John, none of her company rise above mediocrity as vocalists, but they act so well together, and both principals and chorus know their work so thoroughly that their performances gave great pleasure.

No special novelty has been introduced by M. de Jong, but he has been as lavish as usual in his engagement of distinguished artists, both vocal and instrumental, and large audiences have been the result. The splendid condition of the band is now one of the most noticeable features in his Concerts, and adds much to the pleasure of attending them.

Messrs. Risegari, Speelman, Bernhardt and Vieuxtemps are giving this winter an excellent series of Classical Chamber Concerts, but we are sorry to say that notwithstanding their excellence they are but poorly attended. It might have been expected that with four such players, and in such a musical centre, the Concerts would have been well supported, but such, unfortunately, is not the case. Finer string quartet playing it would be difficult to imagine.

The Gentlemen's Concerts seem likely to take a fresh lease of life. The directors have made several alterations in the management, and there is a large addition to the subscription list, so that the prospects of the Society are altogether brighter, and we hope they may continue to improve.

PRESTON.—Mr. James Tomlinson (organist to the Corporation) is giving recitals on the grand organ in the New Public Hall every Saturday evening before large audiences. The Choral Society was to give its first Concert of the season last night (14th), and to perform Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, with Mr. Santley and other leading vocalists; Signor Risegari to conduct, and Mr. James Tomlinson to preside at the organ.

SALISBURY.—The Salisbury Vocal Union gave their first Concert of the season in the Hamilton Hall, on the 28th of November, to a crowded audience. The first part of the programme was devoted to Dr. Stainer's Cantata, *The Daughter of Jairus*, which was exceedingly well rendered. The second part was a miscellaneous selection. The solo vocalists were Miss Julia Jones (of London), Messrs. Marr, Hayden, Acott, Crick and Kelsey of the Cathedral choir, all of whom gave much satisfaction, and were rewarded with encores. The Vocal Union—now numbering 60 voices—rendered several part-songs, unac-

company, with excellent effect. Miss Harwood presided at the pianoforte, and Mr. Alfred Foley at the organ, with much ability. Mr. John M. Hayden conducted.

SWANSEA.—A renewed effort is being made here to place the Musical College of Wales on a more substantial footing. It is at present carried on privately by Dr. Joseph Parry, but as far as the patronage of well-known men is concerned the institution is in a fair way of recognition. A conference was recently held at the Guildhall with the object of promoting an extension of the College. Sir H. Hussey Vivian, who presided, said he was empowered by Lady Llanover to state that it was her intention to found a scholarship for the triple-stringed Welsh harp at the College. The Rev. Dr. Rees said they wanted to make the College something more than a private adventure school, and he was convinced that the public would pay more attention to it if it were governed by a Council. The Rev. B. Williams set forth that the College on its new basis was not intended to be a rival of the Musical Chair at the Cardiff College, the Royal College of Music, or the Royal Academy, but merely an institution for training students for those places. Dr. Parry himself gave his views in favour of the College basis being made broader, and a resolution was carried to the effect that it would be advantageous to give the Musical College of Wales a more popular footing, and that a Council should be appointed and charged with the duty of formulating a scheme for its government.

The Committee appointed to develop the Musical College of Wales has since had a meeting, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. R. D. Burnie). The report of the sub-committee was considered and adopted. Sir H. Hussey Vivian, Bart., M.P., was nominated president of the College; Mr. J. T. D. Llewelyn, vice-president; Mr. Moses Jones, secretary; and Mr. James Jones, treasurer. The functions of the College Council will be as follow:—To devise means for raising funds for scholarships and exhibitions; to receive and control such funds; to appoint trustees, in whose names such funds should be invested; and arrange a scheme of scholarships and to award them; to arrange for the examination of candidates for admission to the College; to examine the students annually, and to appoint the executive committee. The secretary has now to obtain the necessary consent of the gentlemen to act in the honorary positions referred to.

WORCESTER.—Mr. Spark's second Concert (Nov. 27) was a great success; the soloists, Miss Marriott, Mdme. Enriquez, Mr. Hollins and Mr. Bridson, giving much satisfaction. The programme—a miscellaneous one—had for principal features a number of the most popular songs and part-songs of the day, the latter being sung by the local Amateur Vocal Union, a rising body of voices destined hereafter to make a prominent figure.

ACCORDING to a (comic) contemporary, a large number of men at the War Office will soon be superannuated and thrown upon the London press as theatrical critics.

AN American paper contains the following bit of "personal": "Mr. Dudley Buck does not count newspaper motivity (*sic*); on the contrary, he strenuously (*sic*) avoids being approached by any one connected with a newspaper." Reasoning from the orthography of this particular journal, we should say that Mr. Dudley Buck is quite right.

REVIEWS.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

O'er the Hills of Normandie. Song. Words by D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by P. de Faye.

AN interesting and attractive song, with a novel feature in the character of its accompaniment, which imitates the Norman hurdy-gurdy. The story is prettily told, and the piece, as a whole, is charming.

The Quaker's Daughter. Song. Words and Music by Michael Watson.

A quaint little love story, quaintly told in verse and music.

Fishing. Song. Words by T. M. Watson. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott.

THIS song may rank with the one previously noticed, as an unaffected and amusing piece, well adapted for the social circle and the "flow of soul."

Le Printemps. Mazurke pour Piano. Par Ernst Reiter. BRIGHT and agreeable, while by no means difficult.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

The Promised Land. Song. Words by Jessie Moir. Music by Frank L. Moir.

MR. MOIR begins trippingly in six-eight time, and gives a waltz-like refrain, which is graceful and pretty enough; but when the subject wanders heavenward, the influence of "The Message" is too strong for him, and we have the impassioned strain and accompaniment of full repeated chords which all now know so well. Nevertheless, the song is a good one, contains some passages of real power, and presents an effective contrast between its opening and its close.

Farewell. Song. Words by Rev. F. L. Meares, M.A. Music by Ernest Ford.

THERE are both artistic purpose and achievement in this song, which is one of considerable beauty, and, as songs go, of uncommon constructive excellence. Mr. Ford writes like a musician, and one who has some definite ideas of a kind worth putting upon paper. He has only to be somewhat less conventional in his forms of accompaniment in order to command unqualified praise.

Near and Dear. Song. Words by Mary Cowden Clarke. Music by C. R. Tennant.

A SIMPLE and pleasing song, with many dexterous touches, but marred, we think, by an affected and inappropriate introduction. When a second edition is called for this should be removed.

The Song of the Heart. Written by Mary J. Murchie. Composed by C. R. Tennant.

IT seems difficult to write anything approaching to an original melody in six-eight time, but though many phrases of this song are familiar it has distinct merit, and cannot be performed without a sensible effect.

To Mary in Heaven. Part Song. Poetry by Burns. Music by G. A. Macfarren.

WRITTEN for and sung by the Glasgow Select Choir, who could have found no better setting of Burns's pathetic lines. The music is that of a man of feeling as well as a man of skill. It should be in the hands of every Choral Society.

The Owl in the Ivy Bush. A Humorous Part Song. Words by E. L. Blanchard. Music by Elizabeth Philp.

HERE we have a pleasant *jeu d'esprit*, written both by poet and composer with a true sense of humour. It cannot fail to amuse.

Cottagers' Traditions. Words by Lord Macaulay. Music by Cecil.

A PLAIN, but at the same time skilful, setting, with chorus, of Lord Macaulay's well-known verses.

To Me, Fair Friend. Words by Shakespeare. *I Think on Thee.* Words by T. K. Harvey. *The Village Maid.* Words by E. K. Hattersley. *The Child's First Grief.* Words by Mrs. Hemans. Music by George J. Bennett.

THESE are very ambitious songs as regards their purpose, and not a little superior in point of achievement. The young composer is beginning well. Let him ever keep to the same high ideal, doing with all his artistic might whatever his hands find to do, and he will make his mark. Our readers who desire modern songs with classical pretensions should obtain the four named above.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Cradle Song. An Idyll composed for the Pianoforte by Frederic N. Löhr.

IF Mr. Löhr has not succeeded in proving that it is possible to write a new Lullaby he must at any rate be credited with having served up old materials in an agreeable fashion. The piece is an Andante cantabile in E flat, six-eight time. It has an appropriately gentle and well-marked swing, a graceful melody, and an agreeable effect altogether pleasing.

A Winter Song. For the Pianoforte. By Thomas J. Ford.

PRESUMABLY this piece has a "programme," since it is considerably broken up by varied episodes of a suggestive character. What the "programme" is, however, the composer leaves to imagination—no doubt his best course. The principal theme, an Andante in E flat, is very graceful.

Waking Song. Words by F. S. Parry. Music by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

A LIVELY and pleasant, if by no means an original song.

The Golden West. Song. Words by F. S. Parry. Music by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

MERIT is easily found here, both in the text of the music and in its expressive power. The composer has relied upon comparatively simple means for the illustration of pathetic verses, but has used them so well as to justify the course adopted. We may be permitted to caution him against a too free employment of chromatic passing notes. They give an idea of affectation, and do little or nothing which can be set on the other side.

Homeward Bound. Words by F. S. Parry. Music by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

A SEA-SONG of the usual character; neither better nor worse than its many fellows.

Gavotte in C major by Geminiani. Arranged for Piano by Charles Hallé.

WELL done, Mr. Hallé! Put in an equally good setting as many more of these ancient gems as you conveniently can. The piece is quaintly delightful from beginning to end, and gains much by skilful adaptation to the instrument. Every bar shows careful fingering.

B. WILLIAMS.

The Bride's March. Composed for the Pianoforte by James Loaring, F.C.O.

A SPIRITED and effective piece, neither elaborate nor pretentious but adapted for players of modern capacity. It is well written.

WOOD AND CO.

La Gaité, Caprice Brillante. Par Gilbert Byas.

ARE we to assume that Mr. Byas is a Frenchman or that he affects to believe the English language not equal to the task of describing a pianoforte piece. If the latter we may point out that a compound English word describes it very exactly. The word is common-place.

MRS. AMELIA TODD, Balfe's youngest sister, and herself a professor of music, died recently in Dublin.

SAVILLE CLARK and Audran's *Gillette* was withdrawn at the Royalty on Saturday last, "Unwept, unhonoured, and"—we can safely add—"unsung."

MR. HENRY MAPLESON should note that Mdme. Minnie Hauk is said to have re-assured her audience by plucky behaviour on the occasion of an alarm of fire.

WE take *cum grano salis* a report that Mdlle. Nevada has been offered £400 to come over from Paris and sing in the *Redemption* at the Norwich Festival next autumn.

MR. FREDERIC ARCHER has started a musical journal in New York, his connection with *Music and Drama* having ceased. His paper is called *The Bugle of Musical Freedom!*

MR. MAPLESON closes his opera-house in New York for two weeks at Christmas. There is an ugly look about this; but a report comes to the effect that the directors have agreed to back up their manager "to a reasonable amount."

WE welcome any and every effort to train amateur orchestras for co-operation with the suburban choral societies now becoming so important. Mr. Frank Lewis Thomas has gathered around him, at Bromley, a band of thirty instruments. Well done!

MR. ABBEY has produced *Robert le Diable* at the New York Metropolitan. Madame Fursch-Madi is much praised as Alice; and Mdme. Valleria, as Isabella, sang "with delicate finish." The proper length of the Nuns' dresses seems to have been miscalculated.

MR. J. D. BROWN, of Glasgow, announces as forthcoming a *Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*, intended to "bring together within reasonable compass all facts of a useful and interesting character bearing on musicians and their works," with special reference to our own contemporaries. The specimen page shows a concise arrangement of facts and a modest utterance of opinions. We wish Mr. Brown's work all the success it may deserve.

MR. MAPLESON recently introduced a tenor named Bello to the American public, and this is how an American critic spoke of him:—"Bello is the new found one's name, but he does not. No, sir. He sings, and sings well. Bello's to mend, no doubt, and will mend as regards his legs. Only don't let him burst his Bello's every time he takes a C in alt, or he may go Bello before his time." It is needful to add that the journal for which the critic wrote is not professedly comic.

POET'S CORNER.

TWO MAIDS AND A STRANGER.

WHERE two little maidens lingered by a stile
Came a courtly stranger, stood and gazed
awhile,

Stood and gazed intently, loth indeed, to move,—
With so fair a vision straightway fell in love.
Then the little maidens blushed a rosy red
Shyly raised their laughing eyes unto his and said:
"Hapless maidens are we to be treated thus,
"Grave and courteous seigneur, will you marry us?"

Answered them the stranger with a stately bow,
"Gladly would I marry you did the law allow,
"To refuse request so slight frankly I am loth
"For if I might please myself I would wed you both."
Here he paused a moment, stroked his chin, and said,
"Yet although the law forbids maidens twain to wed,
"As I am a bachelor, young and passing rich,
"I will marry one if you will kindly mention which."
Fell the maids a-weeping, bitterly they cried,
And in broken accents thus to him replied,
"Surely never maids so sad lived beneath the sun,
"Still if you won't wed us both you shall marry none."
"Little maidens," answered he, bowing very low,
"Tho' I'd willingly obey the law won't have it so."
Then he sadly doffed his hat and with a pensive smile
Turned and left those little maids weeping by the stile.

T. MALCOLM WATSON.

(Copyright.)

AGAIN Miss Clara Louise Kellog is said to be matrimonially engaged.

JOHANN GUNG'L, a composer of dance music, like his uncle Josef, died recently in Hungary.

THE Welsh choirs in London had a competition in Westminster Town Hall, on the 4th inst., Sir E. Watkin presiding.

MR. J. F. BARNETT has written a Fantasia on themes from the *Harvest* suite composed by him for the last Norwich Festival.

MESSRS. BREITKOPF and HARTEL, of Leipsic, are about to publish a pianoforte arrangement of the Schubert-Barnett symphony.

M. OVIDE MUSIN has made a successful first appearance in New York. He played Mendelssohn's Concerto at a Symphony Concert.

HERR NEUMANN lately asked French law to stop M. Lamoureux from performing pieces of the *Nibelungen* music in Paris. French law refused.

A SAN FRANCISCO paper declares that Christine Nilsson cannot see the comic side of the American interviewer, and, therefore, pronounces her wanting in a sense of humour.

A STROLLING actor in Georgia having killed his manager, the *Chicago Times* pronounces it well, but thinks it would have been better had the manager slaughtered his company.

AMATEURS expectant of Wagner's *Parsifal*, at the Albert Hall, must wait awhile. The music has not been rehearsed since last season. This means, we trust, that Mr. Barnby is wise in time.

WHAT, beyond alliteration, is meant by a "genial but gelatinous cousin?" We ask the editor of *Friend's Weekly*.

AMERICAN papers report the defeat of Colonel Mapleson in his fight with Mr. Abbey for the Cincinnati Opera Festival. All the same, Mr. Abbey had better take care. His opponent is a cunning campaigner.

AMERICA rejoices over another of the "biggest things out." The Metropolitan Opera House in New York beats the Milan Scala all round. Here are the figures of the two theatres: Length, 108—105; width, 101—87; height, 82—67. Stage; width, 101—87; depth, 90—77; height, 150—117.

LOVERS of opera have often run down to the Thames Embankment lately, expecting to see the walls of Mr. Mapleson's theatre rising, like Shelley's lark, "high and ever higher." The building, we read some time ago, was to be opened in June next. Thus far signs of progress are not clearly evident, but Col. Mapleson as Director, and Major H. Mapleson as Secretary, are inviting opera-goers to purchase seats and boxes for a term of fifty years. It is a comfort to know that something is being done.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "A very excellent organist, George Carter, has an opera, *Il Nerone* (*Nero*), on the stocks at Trieste. I can attest the excellence of this, and an English opera, *Fair Rosamond*, from a recent hearing of salient numbers. Mr. George Carter's Communion Service in E major has been performed at St. Paul's, and lately at St. Matthias, South Kensington, with great success. Do you or any of your readers remember the *Fair Rosamond* of John Barnett, produced at old Drury in the spring of 1837? Miss E. Romer personated the heroine, who was *not* murdered by jealous Eleanor of Guienne, but 'dismissed to happiness,' like Bertram, in *All's Well that ends Well*. Henry Phillips was the King, Henry II., and sang a delicious ballad in A, 'Sweet Rose of the World.' This opera did not survive like *The Mountain Sylph*, still on the cards."

In our last issue we stated that Mr. W. Beattie-Kingston was engaged, for Mr. Carl Rosa, upon an English version of Millocher's *Beggar Student*. Mr. Kingston has now completed his task, and it may be interesting to give an outline of the plot. Scene, Cracow, time, 1704. City in possession of Saxon troops. General Ollendorf, military Governor. Governor, in love with Laura, daughter of Countess Palmatica, intercepts letter from Countess ridiculing his pretensions. Her daughter's husband shall be a Pole and a nobleman. Governor liberates Symon, a poor Polish student from prison, on condition he calls himself a prince and makes love to Laura. Janitsky, another prisoner, is joined in the scheme, and end of first act witnesses betrothal of Laura and the *soldisant* Prince. Moved by Laura's love, Symon sends to her mother a letter revealing plot. This to be given Laura before marriage ceremony. At instance of Governor, it is withheld. Marriage takes place; Governor then proclaims Symon an imposter and drives him from Palace. Symon contemplates suicide; Janitsky reveals plot to regain the city by bribing the commandant of citadel; money to be obtained from Governor, who wishes Janitsky to betray hiding-place of Polish king. Symon agrees to personate king, till transaction completed. Plot succeeds; king regains his throne, Symon is knighted, and reconciled to Laura.



THE *P.P. 1945 hde* LVTE

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF
MUSICAL NEWS

No. 1.]

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